

**..Our Boys and Girls..**

Edited by Aunt Busy.

**BOYLESS TOWN**

A cross old woman of long ago  
Declared that she hated boys;  
"The town would be so pleasant, you know,  
If only there were no boys."  
She scolded and fretted about it till  
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,  
And then of a sudden the town grew still;  
For all the boys had died.

And all through the long and dusty street  
There wasn't a boy in view;  
The baseball lot where they used to meet  
Was a sight to make one blue.  
The grass was growing on every base  
And the path that the runners made,  
For there wasn't a soul in the place  
Who knew how the game was played.

The cherries rotted and went to waste,  
There was no one to climb the trees,  
And nobody had a single taste  
Save only the birds and bees.  
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one—  
To speed as such messengers can;  
If people wanted their errands done  
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise;  
There was less of cheer and mirth;  
The sad old town since it lacked its boys  
Was the dreariest place on earth.  
The poor old woman began to weep,  
Then woke with a sudden scream;  
"Dear me," she cried, "I have been asleep,  
And O, what a horrid dream!"

St. Nicholas.

**AUNT BUSY IS VERY BUSY, BUT—**

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

Aunt Busy is really busy this week, but never so busy that she cannot reply to the dear children who write letters. Really, this is one of the thoughts that she takes to bed at night and one of the thoughts that awaken her in the morning. Oh, a bright dream, indeed, is that which sweetens the sleep of Aunt Busy, especially if her nieces and nephews mingle in that dream!

A few of Aunt Busy's children are seen in that illustration of the junior choir which appeared on the first page of the Intermountain Catholic last week. One of these days Aunt Busy hopes to have all of her children together, just as that picture represents the junior choir on the stage St. Patrick's night. But if they cannot appear in a picture, they are nevertheless clear to her mental vision, and that thought is unctious to the soul of Aunt Busy.

A little girl died the other day at Pueblo, Colo., whose memory Aunt Busy will treasure among the sunbeams that gladden her life, for of such is the kingdom of heaven—the sweetest supplicants to Our Lord for those who love children. Little Hazel Matthews was the favorite of the good sisters of Loretto academy at Pueblo. Indeed, so well beloved was little Hazel, that one of the sisters wrote this poem, dedicated to the mother of the little girl, who passed from death to paradise:

Hushed the peals of merry laughter;  
Silent are Loretto's halls,  
An angel bright today is sleeping  
Within the cloister of her walls.

From heaven, unlooked for, He descended  
To call a flower so pure and rare,  
Whose beauty had but just unfolded,  
The Master, still, would plant it there.

A mother's heart today is bleeding;  
A father's bows in stricken grief;  
And grandma sits in silent mourning;  
Who can give them now relief?

And guardians in the Alma Mater;  
Companions, too, of yesterday,  
Are sad today and move in darkness—  
Without the light that passed away.

But, God of love and unseen wisdom,  
Thou knowest the spirit's nobler worth,  
The life Thou seem'st to rudely sever  
Is but the freeing from faint of earth.

Some souls are doomed on earth to linger  
And toil amidst trials, pains and tears,  
But this young soul its God has taken  
To live with Him the eternal years.

We can't forget her childish laughter,  
The soft, warm touch of her baby hands,  
The eyes that shone with love's pure glances,  
That look back now from a brighter land.

Our little love has gone forever,  
But earth's dark sorrow she'll never feel—  
Her soul has crossed the narrow river  
Before the Throne in bliss to kneel.

But mother loved, and dearest father,  
Your Hazel waits close by the gate—  
'Twill open soon for you to enter  
Where nothing comes to separate.

We think of Hazel as in Heaven;  
We mourn her not as with the dead—  
Of such are they who form the Kingdom—  
This truth to us the Master said.

We go to her, nor wait her coming;  
She would not leave God's realm of love,  
But beckons us to love's remembrance,  
To join her in that home above.

Dear children, be as good as little Hazel Matthews, so that you, too, may earn that tribute from your teachers. Try to be as meek and obedient as the Child Jesus, who worked at a bench and learned his trade under a carpenter, St. Joseph, to whom your devotion is offered during this month of March.

AUNT BUSY.

**LETTERS AND ANSWERS.**

Feb. 29, 1904.

Dear Aunt Busy—Three cheers for our dear, fat, charming old lady! I think you are a dandy! You just bet the girls need many more lectures than the poor boys. I think for one lecture the boys need the girls need about one hundred and one. They think they are so cute and pretty. I think they are a queer conglomeration of vanity, of nothingness and something else mixed in. I do not know what name to call it. That little Eureka boy who served mass last vacation deserves lots of credit. He had better come to Ogden and have a ride on Cooley's donkey; that will revive his spirits and make a man of him. I tell you if that donkey takes the notion he may keep running till he gets to Eureka, and then what will poor Cooley do without his darling little donkey? Love from the boy and myself.

EDWARD SMITH.

Aunt Busy hardly understands what dandy means, but it must be a compliment if it comes from the Ogden boys. Aunt Busy would never, never scold the dear Ogden lads, because they are so good. Aunt Busy would like to see that wonderful donkey.

Ogden, Utah, Feb. 11, 1904.

Dear Aunt Busy—We will soon be subscribing for your paper. We are all trying to be good in school, for Father Cushman has bet on us, and we want him to win. Lent will soon be here. I intend to keep from candy. We are to receive a practice for Lent, on Ash Wednesday. We are going to elect officers for the Holy Angels' club next Tuesday. We formed a little club in our room and Harold Vesey was elected president, and John McLaughlin vice president. It will be the girls' turn next. We are learning a piece for St. Patrick's day. I hope Uncle Busy is not cross to-day. Cheer him up and take him for a sleigh ride. Tell Forest Dorsey we were glad to see his letter in your paper. Your niece,

KASSY LANGERIN.

Ogden, Utah, March 8, 1904.

Dear Aunt Busy—Since you have a club, I thought I would write to you. I go to Sunday school very nearly every Sunday, though I am not a Catholic. I am in the fourth grade. I like to go to school, and I like Father Cushman. He is just our best friend. My mamma thinks the St. Joseph's church is a beauty. I think so, too; don't you? Please name your club "St. Joseph's Holy Angels." Your loving niece,

**WINONA KARBACH.**

Aunt Busy always has a glad welcome for a dear new niece, particularly when she is from Ogden. Aunt Busy thinks Father Cushman is everybody's best friend. He is good and kind to every one.

Ogden, Utah, Nov. 18, 1903.

Dear Aunt Busy—I am a little boy, but who knows but I may win that dollar. Please name your club "Aunt Busy's Lambs," that is a very nice name. You know our dear Lord loved his lambs and his sheep. Edward McFadden and I served mass this morning. Excuse this short letter, as I am in a hurry to get my lessons. Love from the boys. Your loving little lamb,

NELSON DUMAS.

Aunt Busy was a long time replying, Nelson, but she could not neglect you entirely. Why do you not write often? Aunt Busy always likes to hear from her Ogden nephews.

**LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.**

A writer in the Congregationalist has done good service by gathering a batch of Lincoln stories that show the exquisite kindness of the great American in his dealing with the young folk. A Springfield (Ill.) boy, we are told, was once introduced to Mr. Lincoln and shook hands with him. But on the departure of the president-elect for Washington, the boy boasted of the honor to his classmates, they jeered at him. Then he wrote to Mr. Lincoln, stating the situation; and the man of many cares replied as follows:

Executive Mansion, March 19, 1861.

When I may concern—I did see and talk with Master George Evans Patten last May at Springfield, Ill. Respectfully,  
A. LINCOLN.

On one occasion several men were waiting to speak with the president on important business, but they were ignored until he had finished his conference with a boy who was seeking a situation as a page in the house of representatives. When told by Mr. Lincoln that such appointments did not rest with himself—that the proper person to apply to was the doorkeeper of the house—the lad said:

"But, sir, I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother and one from the supervisors of the town and one from my Sunday school teacher; and they all told me I could earn enough in one session of congress to keep us comfortable all the year."

Mr. Lincoln glanced over the lad's papers, then wrote on the back of one of them: "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified.—A. Lincoln."

**A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.**

Father Finn, the well known writer for boys, relates the following incident and points to its moral in the current number of Benziger's Magazine:

"One day last December a priest of St. Xavier's was leaving the house on some errand of mercy when he encountered, just outside the door, a man whose attire clearly showed that he was anything but wealthy. The man was past middle life. He was worn with years of labor, and was, moreover, a cripple.

"Good day, Father," he said, cheerily, "I was just coming to see you."

"Indeed? What can I do for you?"

"I have a little money with me, Father, which I do not really think is mine, and I want to turn it over for charity."

"The priest looked at the poor fellow kindly.

"Surely you don't mean to say that you have ill-gotten gains?"

"Well, Father, in a certain sense they are ill-gotten. This money—here the cripple produced a little bag containing many coppers and a few dimes and nickels—was earned by me on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—a holiday of obligation. I had to work on that day to hold my customers but I don't think I shall keep the profits."

"The priest pointed out that the good man decided the money himself, but to no avail.

"There are others poorer than myself, Father," was the only answer.

"To this story there was an excellent moral for many a rich man in business. He is obliged to keep his mill or his factory going on holidays of obligation, not because he needs the profits of the day, but because otherwise he would lose orders and trade. The profit, great or small, he would cheerfully forego. But it is not a question of the day's earnings, to stop work would mean heavy expenses in shutting down, delay of orders that should be filled promptly, and in consequence, the loss of customers who do not recognize the laws of the Catholic Church.

"In view of these facts, some Catholic business men are bound in self-defense not to suspend business. They go to Mass; they give their employees a chance to go. But still they are not satisfied. They want to do something more.

"Has not the poor cripple afforded the solution?"

"I think he has. If the wealthy Catholic men of the country were to turn over to charity the profits accruing from business transacted on holidays of obligation, new orphan asylums would arise, Catholic schools flourish, and the world would be better and brighter."

**The Nuptial Mass.**

The Catholic Citizen of March 12, prints the following interesting details of the Nuptial Mass, in which the Almighty is invoked as the author of the race and the Church prays that the tempter may be kept far from the home circle:

The Gospel read at the Nuptial Mass proclaims that the union just formed is one and inseparable save by death. The contracting parties acknowledge and accept its binding force. If they would submit to the conditions imposed they would also remind the Author of their bonds through the lips of the Priest that it is upon Him they rely for strength to remain faithful to their side of the contract. Hence the wording of the oratory:

"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. I said, Thou art my God; my fate is in Thy hands."

The secret prayer of the nuptial Mass sets forth the filial trust and loving dependence of the contracting parties. It likewise implores the Father of the race to seal and cement with the Blood of the Lamb the covenant which has just been made. "Receive, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the gift which we here offer up in behalf of the sacred law of marriage; and as Thou didst institute this work do Thou dispose thereof."

Having thus placed the husband and wife in the hands of the Giver of all good gifts, the celebrant proceeds with the ordinary of the Mass. He will be wholly absorbed with the preparation and immolation of the Victim until the end of the Pater Noster. Before uttering the last invocation of this prayer he turns to the bride and the bridegroom and pronounces over them this invocation: "Give ear, O Lord, to our prayers, and do Thou graciously protect Thy ordinance whereby Thou hast provided for the propagation of the race of man, so what is now united by Thy authority may be preserved by Thy help. Through Christ, Our Lord."

Then, as if conscious of the trials incidental to married life and the virtues necessary to perfect fidelity therein, the words of the liturgy become more specific. The Almighty is invoked as the Author of the race and the Fashioner of the marriage covenant. He is reminded that all its bind-

ing force is from Him; that if it is a holy state He has made it so—yes, in His infinite wisdom He would have it so sacred as to foreshadow the mysterious union between Himself and His Church.

As the chiefest burden—or at least, the burden most trying to human nature, is placed upon the wife, a special benediction is called down upon her weakness. The Church would have God deal favorably with His handmaid, making her strong to bear the yoke and as faithful to its obligations as were the matrons of patriarchal days: "May she be as pleasing to her husband as Rachel, as wise, as strong, and as well ordered as Rebecca, as long-lived and as faithful as Sarah."

The state of Christian marriage is so ideal in concept that the Church fears that it may provoke the envy of the evil one, even as he could not abide the peaceful days of Eden, wherefore she prays that the tempter may keep far from the new home circle. She prays likewise that the Christian Faith of the bride may endure, and that "she may fortify her weakness by the strength of a chastened life." The Christian wife under the blessing of heaven should be so modest as to command respect, so grave as to ward off shameful approach, and so learned in the doctrines of Heaven as to be safeguarded in Faith. Last, but not least, she will be, if God mercifully wills, "fruitful in offspring, blameless and approved to the end that she may attain unto the rest of the blessed and unto the kingdom of Heaven."

A barren marriage was a nightmare to Jewish women. It is the bane of right-minded Christians. Nature, itself, abhors a vacuum, wherefore the Church cannot too often reiterate the prayer that "they both may see their children's children even unto the third and fourth generation, and so arrive at a happy old age. The communion of the Mass is but an echo of the same prayer: "Behold thus shall every man be blessed that feareth the Lord; and mayest thou see thy children's children; peace upon Israel." The post-communion is a prayer for peace and for the concord of those just joined in lawful union.

The marriage blessing proper ends the ceremony. It is one of surpassing beauty: "May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob be with you, and may He fulfill His blessing upon you, that you may see your children's children unto the third and fourth generations, and that you may afterwards have everlasting life and endless happiness through the help of our Lord Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth God world without end. Amen."

When we realize how powerful is the holy sacrifice of the Mass, how manifold are the dangers and the trials of the married state, and how bountiful are the blessings invoked during the progress of the sacrifice, it seems strange and altogether inexplicable that believing Christians should elect to forego the sacred ceremony and enter the bonds of matrimony as the heathens do.

**Saved His Life, Lost a Shave.**

The most devoted defender of the Raines liquor tax law is State Senator Raines himself. Its most bitter and consistent enemy is Julius Harburger, leader of the Tenth New York district, ex-Assemblyman and Under Sheriff. Soon after the Raines measure became a law, Harburger assailed its author bitterly. The worst things he could say he didn't think bitter enough.

One sleepy summer afternoon Harburger happened into Canadaigua, the home of Senator Raines. He went to the hotel "on the hill" and thence down toward the lake to a barber's shop. The barber, a talkative individual and an ardent admirer of John Raines, soliloquized thus:

"Yes, this 'ere town's the home of Senator Raines. How they do hate him down in New York! Why, there's feller down there—Harburger's his name. I believe—who has said some of the meanest things about Senator Raines any man could possibly say."

Harburger figured slightly in his chair. The barber lathered and talked on:

"Why, that man, Harburger, according to the newspapers, is doin' nothin' but jest sayin' mean things about the Raines law and Senator Raines." idly. He had felt a bit sleepy when he came in, owing to the heat of the day, but the talk about himself had waked him. He eyed the razor and the arm that wielded it furtively. The barber continued:

"I'd like to see that damned New York feller. I'll bet he wouldn't talk that way about Senator Raines when I was around. I'd fix him. I'd give him this way—"

Harburger jumped out of the chair, snatched the towel from under his chin, wiped the lather from his face quickly, threw down 10 cents, grabbed his hat on the way out, and left the barber to wonder what possessed his patron.

Harburger has not been in Canadaigua since.

**Japanese Catholics.**

It may be interesting to give just now a few facts about the real situation of Catholics in Japan, which have been communicated by a Missionary Brother. Japan has some forty-five millions of inhabitants. Of these 64,000 or 1,700th part, are Catholics. These 64,000 Catholics are divided into one Archdiocese and three dioceses. The clergy are French Priests sent out by the French Missionary Society, whose headquarters are in Paris. There are at present 119 of these zealous missionaries in Japan. The Trappists have an agricultural establishment in Hokkaido, and four different orders of women are represented in Japan, with about 75 or 100 members in all. They have charge of schools, orphanages, etc. The Brothers of Mary, whose headquarters are or were in Paris till Combes ordered them out, are in Japan since 1888. The first community of five brothers has steadily been on the increase and at present they have fifty Brothers, four schools with 2,000 pupils, including night scholars, etc.

The Sisters and those missionaries in charge of orphanages are paid by the Society of the Holy Childhood. The Brothers of Mary were financially supported by the motherhouse in Paris until Combes drove them out of France. It is true the scholars pay a small tuition fee, but it does not go far to buy property and build schools. At present the Brothers in Osaka are putting up a \$15,000 school. They have 300 scholars and expect 400 on April next at the beginning of the school year. The money has been borrowed in France. The Brothers opened a school in Yokohama two years ago. They are living in rent, paying \$100 per month.

**Doctors Do Taste Drugs.**

(New York Times.)

Do doctors know how their own medicine tastes? was a question put to a group of physicians.

"To be sure," said one, "but we have hard work to convince our patients that we do. If you only knew how this beastly stuff tastes, doctor, you wouldn't ask me to take it—that is what they say. And they are hard-headed people, too, who say that—people who are by no means raving in delirium. It's hard ever to convince them that a doctor has a tasting acquaintance with his medicine."

"How did you find out about it?" is one of their triumph questions. "You have never been laid up with all the diseases in the dictionary. How did you learn what the different remedies taste like? It never occurs to the average patient that tasting drugs is a part of the medical student's education, and that no man is qualified to practice until he has learned the flavor of the medicines he expects to prescribe."

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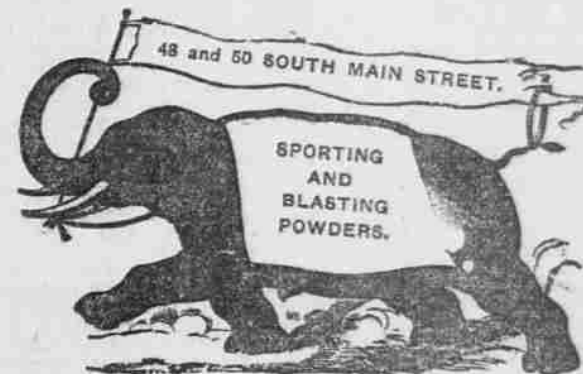
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